MAKARONY

FABLES, &c.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

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MAKARONY FABLES;

WITH THE

NEW FABLE OF THE BEES,

IN TWO CANTOS.

ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY.

BY COSMO, MYTHOGELASTICK

PROFESSOR, AND F. M. S.

Beati non numerant horas,
Ars longa vita brevis.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ALMON, oppoſite Burlington Houſe, in Piccadilly.

M DCC LXVIII.

MACARONY FABLES;

WITH THE

NEW FABLE OF THE BEES,

A BALLAD,

IN TWO CANTOS,

ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY

OF

BY COSMO, MYTHOGELASTUS,

PROFESSOR, AND EMPEROR.

Beati non mentiuntur Veras,
Aut longæ vitæ brevis.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Almon, opposite Burlington House, in Piccadilly.

M DCC LXVIII.

TO THE

READER.

THAT you may underſtand the propriety of the motto to theſe Fables, which is the motto of the Society of the Makaronies, to whom they are addreſſed ——know, vacant Reader, that the Franciſcan Makaronies of Medenham, and the brethren of Pall Mall, make uſe, like many other ſchools and colleges, of a Latin of their own manufacture——that in Medenham and Makaroni Latin, *Hora* has two acceptations; thus accurately defined in the *Makaroni Cruſca.*

Firſt, it ſignifies that limited portion of time, which being divided into ſmall parts called Minutes, is ſub divided into as many particles called Seconds.

Now our idea of time being acquired by obſerving the ſucceſſion of our own ideas, when that ſucceſſion ceaſes, or cannot be diſtinguiſhed, our perception of time, or of graduated duration, ceaſes alſo: as is the caſe when we ſit up all night gaming or drinking; for in thoſe ſituations we neither know nor care how time goes.

The other meaning of *hora*, according to their definition, is thus ſcholaſtically deſcribed——*Ens infinite diviſibile*——An exiſtence capable of infinite diviſion, or that may be divided *ad infinitum*—our Saxon anceſtors called this exiſtence a *Hure*, a term that ſtill prevails in Scotland——*Nothus*, in Saxon, ſays the *Cruſca*, *is Hures ſunnu*, or ſon of a Hure.

Beatitude, or Makaroniſhip, conſiſts in the rapid and imperceptible ſucceſſion of *horæ*, taken as parts of time, reſtrictively and finally divided; and likewiſe in the rapid and imperceptible ſucceſſion of *horæ*, in the ſenſe of thoſe infinitely diviſible entities above-mentioned: ſo that the *Beati* continually enjoy both, without taking any account of either.

Beati non numerant horas.

And here, vacant Reader, it cannot be improper to mention a miſtake, that the generality of people lie under, concerning the word Makarony—As moſt of that order have, like Thales, Pythagoras, &c. &c. travelled, and are not only elegant ſpectators of forms, but have an uncorrupted taſte for every elegance founded upon truth and nature; ſuperficial people ſuppoſe they are ſo called, from an inſipid paſte, the ſupport of Italian fidlers, ſingers and dancers—As if theſe philoſophers were either ignorant of, or deſpiſed the dead languages too much, to borrow the appellation of their ſect from them, from languages that have perpetuated the names of ſects

in

in ſpite of time, tho' their tenets have fallen beneath his ſcythe, and are totally forgotten.

I can aſſure the Reader, that Makarony is derived from μακαρ μακαρος *Beatus*—in the plural *Beati*, or the Makaronies.

As there are many manſions in that houſe, as many orders of Makaronies there are of Saint Francis—— that the Reader may be of that which is the moſt ſuitable to his inclination and circumſtances, is the hearty wiſh of his humble ſervant,

COSMO, M. P. F. M. S.

THE

TO THE READER.

THE RESIGNATION.

FABLE I.

A CERTAIN houſe ſwarmed with huge Rats,
Traps, poiſon failed, baits they touched none;
An able chief amongſt the Cats,
Picked them up ſlily one by one.
All Libertines that ſtayed out late,
All Vagabonds ſhared the ſame fate;
This rous'd the Hanoverian breed,
It grew to be a ſerious caſe;
If he was ſuffer'd to proceed,
He would extinguiſh the whole race.
A vote enſu'd, an order paſs'd,
A proclamation for a faſt.
Purſuant to their reſolution,
They watch'd and pray'd, entrench'd like moles,
The Cat by feline inſtitution,
Studied to draw them from their holes.

He knew 'twas folly to pretend,
To act the patriot, or the friend.
What people wiſh they ſoon believe,
The Cat fell ſick and took his bed;
He formed his project to deceive,
By lying down and ſeeming dead;
He ſhut his eyes, his breath held in,
Stretch'd out and ſtreight,
He lay in ſtate,
Juſt like a cat, worth nothing but his ſkin.
He cannot long continue ſo,
Says an old ſage, ſtir not from hence;
This dying comes too à propos,
To be ought elſe than a pretence.
The wiſer ſort maintain'd their ground;
Grimalkin, baffled for this bout,
Roſe from the dead, and with a bound
Rais'd the blockade, and let them out.
Some younkers only, not worth keeping,
That ſally'd forth, pay'd for their peeping:
Even thus according to report,
Edward's Grimalkin left his poſt;
Or in the language of the court,
Thus Gaveſton gave up the ghoſt.

And

And tho' the ſubtile Gaſcoon lord,
Aſſur'd the barons he was dead;
The barons would not take his word,
Till they had taken off his head.
The court declared him dead in law,
And ſome weak folks bit at the ſhow;
But found that his contracted paw,
Retired to ſtrike the ſurer blow.
Cats ſeldom die a natural death,
As ſeldom Favourites reſign
Naturally, without deſign,
'Till they reſign their forfeit breath.

FABLE II.

THE DOCTOR AND STUDENT.

A LOBSTER, by a ſtrange miſtake,
Scrap'd an acquaintance with a ſnake;
To learn his ſuppleneſs and arts,
He boarded at the ſerpent's houſe;
Lobſters have not the quickeſt parts,
Armed cap-a-pie without much wit.
nouſe.

The

The Doctor not the leaſt afraid,
Altho' he knew, Lob was audacious;
Long'd much to try what could be made,
Out of a head-piece ſo teſtaceous;
All that a ſoldier can poſſeſs,
He oft repeated with a ſmile;
With ſtrength and courage, is addreſs,
In other words a little guile;
As yet you are but raw I ſee,
Tho' far beyond your A B C;
The beſt advice that I can give,
A ſentiment for Kings to drink;
Let every one not only live
According to his rank, but think.
You have a comprehenſive mind,
Lobſters ought not to think like oyſters;
They were not made to be confin'd,
And ſpend their days like them in cloyſters;
To ſtand when they ſhould ſtir and buſtle,
Gaping and ſtudying like a muſcle.
Cadmus preferr'd in all his lectures,
Facts and experience to conjectures;

A

Lobſters

Lobſters by an inſtinctive force,
Act ſelfiſhly without deſign;
Their feelings commonly are coarſe,
Their honour always ſuperfine.
Unfeeling, reſolute and cool,
But tutor'd in the ſerpent lore;
Lob grew by taking pains at ſchool,
Ten times more ſelfiſh than before;
Serpentine doubts and conſcious fear,
Were hourly whiſpering in his ear;
" That friend of yours ſo dark and ſly,
" Will ſacrifice you in the end;
" Bravely exert yourſelf and try,
" To be before-hand with your friend."
'Twas what he often try'd, but found,
Inſtead of gaining, he loſt ground;
Perhaps his brain was too much ſtrain'd,
Too weak to hold all it contain'd;
So through ſome little crack or chink,
His plots were ſmelt, and ſoon detected;
Like ſnuffers cramm'd, that by their ſtink,
Betray the ſnuffs they have collected.
But time and fortitude at laſt,
Pay'd him for all his patience paſt;

One day he enter'd without rapping,
And caught the wary Cadmus napping;
Lob ſcarce could credit what he ſaw,
Finding him coiled, and faſt aſleep,
Fatigued with meditations deep,
He choaked his maſter with his claw.
Now ponder well, and be ſevere,
Look ſharp for ſome ſmart application;
'Twill fit both Commoner and Peer,
If you have any provocation;
Whether a Courtier, Stateſman, or a Cit,
Throughout you'll find ſome famous Biter bit.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A NIGHTINGALE, in her retreat,
Exerted all her native powers;
Compos'd and ſung plaintively ſweet,
To charm the ſilent hours.
A hungry Hawk in ambuſh lay,
And ſeiz'd the hapleſs ſongſter for his prey;

The warbling Victim tried in vain,
To melt a cruel Tyrant's heart;
Proof againſt every moving ſtrain,
Of nature, or of art.
Charmer, ſaid he, I wait too long,
Hawks require food, more ſolid than a ſong:
Then with a villain's ſmile he ſtruck,
The loveliеſt tenant of the wood;
In her poor heart his Beak he ſtuck,
Rioting in her vital blood:
Liſten ye fair ones to my lay,
Your ways with trembling caution mark!
How many virgins fall a prey,
To ſome baſe murderer in the dark.
Your youth, your tears, your ſpotleſs fame,
Add to the brutal fire freſh fuel;
Deaf to compaſſion, dead to ſhame,
Selfiſhneſs is always cruel.
Ye candid ſouls whoſe pulſes beat,
With no diſtemper'd ſelfiſh heat;
View here again a wretch oppreſs'd,
And heaven and earth in vain implored;
Robbed of his property and reſt,
Devoured by a rapacious Lord.

When

When Avarice and Power meet,
Woe to the humble Neighbour of the Great.

FABLE IV.

The BLACK BIRD.

IN concert with the curfew bell,
An Owl was chaunting Veſpers in his cell;
Upon the outſide of the wall,
A Black Bird, famous in that age;
From a bow window in the hall,
Hung dangling in a wicker cage;
Inſtead of pſalmody and pray'rs,
Like thoſe good children of St. Francis;
He ſecularized all his airs,
And took delight in Wanton Fancies.
Whilſt the bell toll'd, and the Owl chaunted,
Every thing was calm and ſtill;
All nature ſeem'd rapp'd and enchanted,
Except the querelous, unthankful rill;
Unawed by this impoſing ſcene,
Our Black Bird the enchantment broke;
Flouriſh'd a ſprightly air between,
And whiſtled the Black Joke.

This

This lively unexpected motion,
Set nature in a gayer light;
Quite over-turn'd the Monks devotion,
And ſcatter'd all the gloom of night.
I have been taught in early youth,
By an expert Metaphyſician;
That ridicule's the teſt of truth,
And only match for ſuperſtition.
Impoſing rogues, with looks demure,
At Rome keep all the world in awe;
Wit is profane, learning impure,
And reaſoning againſt the Law;
Between two tapers and a book,
Upon a dreſſer clean and neat,
Behold a ſacerdotal Cook,
Cooking a diſh of heavenly meat!
How fine he curtſies! Make your bow,
Thump your breaſt ſoundly, beat your poll;
Lo! he has toſs'd up a Ragout,
To fill the belly of your ſoul.
Even here there are ſome holy men,
Would fain lead people by the noſe;
Did not a Black Bird now and then,
Benevolently interpoſe.

My good Lord Biſhop, Mr. Dean,
You ſhall get nothing by your ſpite;
Triſtram ſhall whiſtle at your ſpleen,
And put Hypocriſy to flight.

FABLE V.

POUR MOI MEME.

WITHIN a Joyner's Shop upon a Stool,
With countenance ſerene and grave;
A Cat examin'd every tool,
As nicely as Rouſſeau's Eléve:
A File that underſtood its trade,
Provoked her Ladyſhip paſt bearing;
Obſerving the great waſte it made,
By clipping artfully and paring.
I'll ſerve you your own way you knave,
For that ſays, Puſs, let me alone;
I'll lick you with my tongue you ſlave,
'Till I have lick'd you to the bone.
She lick'd 'till her whole tongue was fleed,
And laugh'd to ſee the villain bleed;

With

With blood he was all over red,
Determining the File to kill;
The Cat lick'd on believing ſtill,
It was the File and not her tongue that bled.
My Gardner, my Coachman John,
My Groom, my Butler, the whole corps,
Are objects to vent ſpleen upon,
Whene'er the bileous pot boils o'er;
But I'll grow better when I'm able,
To fume and fret is not worth while;
I am the Cat that bleeds in Fable,
My Family——the unfeeling File.

FABLE VI.

The TORTOISE.

CREATURES made chiefly for defence,
Are ſeldom overſtock'd with ſenſe.
A Tortoiſe once, a military Beau,
Hardy to give the beaſt his due,
Walk'd to and fro ſolemnly ſlow,
Like Pruſſian's at a Review.

Compleatly

Compleatly arm'd from head to tail,
Proof againſt either cut or ſtab;
As full of blubber as a Whale,
With brains no better than a Crab.
Suppoſe ambition was inclin'd,
To captivate his torpid mind;
What could ſhe do with ſuch a maſs,
All that ſhe could propoſe at moſt;
Would be to lead him to ſome paſs,
And leave him ſtanding like a poſt.
But if conceit inſtead of her,
Should make a puncture in his breaſt;
Conceit can make a Tortoiſe ſtir,
And labour to outdo the beſt.
Accordingly one day,
Buſy and rolling in his way,
Upon his axis like a Porpoiſe,
I mean contemplating himſelf;
Conceit came like a fairy elf,
And took poſſeſſion of my Tortoiſe.
Under a rock the formal fop,
With reconnoitring air and ſtate;
Obſerved an airy near the top,
And ſaw an Eagle at the gate.

Eagle

Eagle the Coxcomb cries deſcend,
I hate both Grotto and Alcove;
Be it my glory to attend,
And emulate the bird of Jove.
I feel all feathery and light,
Fluſh'd with warm vigour from freſh ſprings;
Deſcend and mount me out of ſight,
Conſign me then to my own wings.
The Eagle lighted on the plain,
Arguments of all ſhapes he try'd;
Not one would fit 'twas all in vain,
Some were too ſtrait, and ſome too wide;
Hard by upon a thiſtly bed,
An aged Aſs repos'd half dead;
'Tis nought but Hypocondriac pride,
The fumes that lazineſs has bred;
Before you try to fly he cry'd,
Hop over that old Aſſes head.
The fool like all in that condition,
Always flew out at oppoſition.
Alas! what pains poor envy takes,
The flimſy cap that ſhe puts on,
Is too tranſparent, ſays the Don,
To hide her execrable ſnakes;

Stung to the ſoul with this reproach,
The Eagle bad the ſot approach;
And mounting him as high he could ſoar,
Now 'ply your wings, ſay'd he, 'tis time,
Whether you nobly chuſe to climb,
To fall like lightning, or to ſweep the ſhore.
He ſpoke, down dropp'd the Tortoiſe plum,
With an exploſion like a bomb;
One craſh confounding back and belly,
His armour once as hard as braſs,
Lay like a heap of broken glaſs,
Upon a heap of jelly.
Such I have met with in my walk,
Tortoiſes of diſtinguiſh'd air,
Creeping about to aſk a talk,
At Bloomſbury, or Groſvenor Square.
They all are perſons of great ſkill,
They know what's fitteſt to be done;
Landmen, or Seamen, as they will,
And Stateſmen every Mother's Son;
They can compoſe with their own hands,
All civil broils, all foreign jars;
Not one of them but underſtands,
The diſciplines of Wars.

Let but the Royal Eagle take him,
Take any one, and mount him high;
No arguments on earth can ſhake him,
They all believe that they can fly:

FABLE VII.

THE COOK.

ÆSOP is always a new Book,
Æſop in a judicious hand;
But 'tis in vain on it to look,
Without the Grace to underſtand.
Pleaſant his Fables are indeed,
Profound, ingenious, and ſly;
Fables that infancy may read,
Maturity alone apply.
A Cook was buſy with his Battery,
Two Sycophants, two Knaves, I mean,
Sat by, and play'd with red hot Flattery,
Againſt the Battery Cuiſine.
Both Engineers by profeſſion,
Their Flattery was ſo well planted;
They ſoon diſmounted his diſcretion,
Which was the only point they wanted;

For

For having built a famous pie,
Larded his fowls, barded his larks;
As he had other Fiſh to frie,
He left the field to my two Sparks;
And whilſt he ſlaſh'd and carbonnaded,
Stewed and haſh'd, and gaſconnaded,
A Fiſh of a ſuperb appearance,
Vaniſh'd from the Kitchen Table;
Which miſs'd the Cook, and his adherents,
Made a confuſion worſe than Babel;
One of thoſe Fiſh, miſcalled by ſome,
In which St. Peter uſed to deal;
Stamped for himſelf, with his own thumb,
The ancient Piſcatory Seal.
Therefore let Peter have the Glory,
Let us to him aſcribe the Dorys;
Call it not John but Peter Dory,
Given *Sub Sigillo Piſcatoris.*
Advancing to the chopping block,
Peace, cry'd the Cook, your Clamours ceaſe;
Then with his Cleaver gave a knock,
And all the Kitchen was at peace.

Says

Says he, 'twas you, Sir, or your Brother,
No Cat comes here, I'll take my oath;
Therefore it muſt be one or t'other,
He quite forgot, it might be both.
I have it not, the Thief reply'd,
I ſtole it not, cried the Receiver;
Both ſwore, proteſted, and deny'd,
And ſo the Cook layed down his cleaver.
The caſe ſeem'd ſo perplex'd and odd,
And the Cook's thoughts were ſo divided;
All three referr'd the caſe to God,
And there it reſts till he decide it;
Now from this Fable it appears,
Or from this Fable I ſurmiſe;
Some folks give credit to their Ears,
When they ſhould ſcarce believe their Eyes.
This fooliſh Cook puts me in mind,
Of the moſt dupeable of Nations;
Buſy and active, but reſign'd,
To flattery on all occaſions;
And ſo, becauſe my Moral's ſtale,
I'll cloſe my Fable with a Tale.

A TALE.

HOW many Years it was ago,
To aſcertain I don't engage;
Nor in what reign, I only know,
It happened in the Golden Age.
Upon the Record thus it ſtands,
Two worthy Miniſters combin'd;
To play into each others hands,
To cheat and puzzle all mankind;
The ſilly people were cajol'd;
And all their Tricks went glibly down;
At length one of them grew ſo bold,
He lay'd his hands upon the Crown;
And with more Bravery than Labour,
Handed it to his crafty Neighbour;
When you ſay Crown, you often mean,
The Owner, whether King or Queen;
In ſuch a caſe you may believe,
The Prieſts would pray, the Laymen ſwear,
A few would laugh, and ſome would grieve,
And many want to hang this pair;

I have

I have him not by heaven, ſays John!
I ſteal, cries Will, a likely thing!
Stolen or ſtray'd, however gone,
It was not me that ſtole your King.
Thus us'd to puzzle and confound them,
This Nation's fury ſoon was paſs'd;
The people left them as they found them,
Forc'd to appeal to Heaven at laſt;
Fortune was ſeldom known ſo croſs,
Few diſappointments are compleater;
To loſe their King was a great Loſs,
Not to recover him a greater.

FABLE VIII.

A NONPAREIL, an Apple Tree,
A Commoner, haughty and proud;
And a Pome-Granate, a Grandee,
One day diſputed hard and loud;
I am the Favourite of the Nation,
The Apple ſay'd, that's a plain caſe;
I know your Rank and Occupation,
And laugh'd in the Pomegranate's Face;

My

My Merit's known to all mankind,
I never courted your choice Spirits;
Your noble virtues are confin'd,
Few people know your latent Merits;
Nor know your Virtues, like the Beavers,
Lie in your ſeminal Receivers.
A Bramble ſneaking like a Rogue,
Out of a hedge, and out of ſight;
Cry'd, Bretheren, with a Province Brogue,
Be Friends, and let us all Unite.
When the Great quarrel, the ſmall Fry,
Stir, and affect important vigour;
Then Æſop ſays, the Cyphers try,
But never can make any Figure.

A NONPAREIL, an Apple Tree,
A Commoner, haughty and proud;
And a Pome-Granate, a Grandee,
One day diſputed hard and loud;
I am the Favourite of the Nation,
The Apple ſay'd, that's a plain caſe;
I know your Rank and Occupation,
And laugh'd in the Pomegranate's Face;

THE

THE NEW

FABLE of the BEES:

IN TWO CANTOS.

HIS QUIDAM SIGNIS, ATQUE HÆC EXEMPLA SECUTI,
ESSE APIBUS PARTEM DIVINÆ MENTIS, ET HAUSTUS
ÆTHEREOS DIXERE: DEUM NAMQUE IRE PER OMNES
TERRASQUE, TRACTUSQUE MARIS, CÆLUMQUE PROFUNDUM.

Virg. Georg. L. IV.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

A preliminary diſcourſe—The origin of police—The divine right of kings aſſerted upon new principles, more ſuitable to the goodneſs of God and to good ſenſe, than the old principles that are taught at Oxford—The nature of courts—The court of Heaven—The court of requeſts—Angels—Miniſters—The bee-piper—A ſpeech A prayer—A curſe, in which all good people are deſired to join—The concluſion——

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

A preliminary discourse.—The origin of police.—The divine right of kings asserted upon new principles, more suitable to the goodness of God and to good laws, than the old principles that are taught at Oxford.—The manners of the times.—The court of Honour.—The characters of the Knight, Squire, Miniver.—The bee-piper.—A speech.—A prayer.—A curse, in which all good people are defired to join.—The conclusion.

THE NEW
FABLE of the BEES.

CANTO I.

I Never yet beheld that Man,
(With all the temper that you pleaſe)
That ſtarted fair, and fairly ran
Through the old fable of the bees:
Becauſe the verſe the author choſe,
If verſe, like ours, be verſe indeed,
Was made to introduce the proſe,
But never meant to take the lead;
Whereas it ſhould be the reverſe,
The proſe ſhould be the ſquire, or uſher,
To grace and wait upon the verſe,
Not a competitor or puſher.

Verſe ill conducted or miſplac'd,
Meets with cold treatment and diſtaſte,
Much like a ſermon, or diſcourſe,
With which you have been tir'd and vex'd,
Neither begot in a right courſe
Upon the body of a text,
Made nor created, but proceeding,
Incomprehenſibly from reading.
Through a variety of matter,
And learned dirt you ſplaſh and walk,
Both for impertinence and chatter,
Like his own lady's table talk:
But a good parſon hates to poach,
All his delight is in fair ſporting,
No harlot-text will he approach,
But firſt to ſcripture goes a courting:
A text by wooing he obtains,
He takes her in a proper trim,
And ſo begets with proper pains,
A ſermon found in wind and limb.
It is a ſpurious production,
Begot in any other ſhape;
Either the offspring of ſeduction,
Or lawleſs iſſue of a rape.

All kinds of governments that are,
That of an emperor or king,
Or of a queen like that of fairies,
Nay even down to my lord-mayor,
Or, what's exactly the ſame thing,
Down even to my lady mayoreſs.
According to the wits of Greece,
And idle poets of all nations,
Have ſtudied bees for the police
Of kingdoms, ſtates, and corporations:
That there are queens that rule the bees,
Has been a point agreed long ſince:
The learned ſay e'en lice and fleas
Are govern'd by a ſovereign prince;
Through microſcopes they plainly trace,
In vermin that eſcape the ſight,
Monarchy and a royal race;
Nature in Kings takes ſuch delight,
A fact that leads by ſteps direct,
Farther, perhaps, than you ſuſpect;
That monarchs are of right divine,
Is evidently prov'd from hence,
For Filmer's patriarchal line,
Proves nothing but his want of ſenſe:

This proves to every apprehenſion,
What none but wicked whigs condemn,
That monarchy is God's invention,
Far too ingenious for them:
But then 'twill follow full as plain,
That as they're kings by God appointed,
All kings by the ſame patent reign;
Sovereigns equally anointed;
For the creator of all creatures
Is neither fond of ſhape nor ſize,
Nor loves queen Beſſy's eyes and features
More then a ſpider's face and eyes;
Equally ſource and God of all,
All kings are equal in his ſight,
Whether the monarch's great or ſmall,
Whether a Brunſwick or a mite.
When treaſon ſpawns and traitors work,
God will weigh both in equall ſcales,
Whether a deſperate Damien lurk
Within a rotten cheeſe or at Verſailles.
Kings, therefore, by God's charter reign,
Monarchy ſeems to be a plan,
Contriv'd to puniſh and reſtrain
Licentious inſects and vain man.

Wherever

Wherever there are kings and queens
There muſt be plenty of intrigues,
Variety of ways and means,
Enmities, jealouſies, and leagues;
Both courts and Heaven, as David ſings,
In waiting place their chief ambition,
To ſee God's face, the queen's or king's,
Both call the beatific viſion:
If Heaven be a happier place,
There are no ſexes thereabout,
No miniſters but thoſe of grace;
For all the devils are turned out.
Ladies, I own, one muſt be ſpiteful,
Bad as a Turk, worſe than a Jew,
To think that Heaven could be delightful,
If Heaven had no place for you:
Heaven's harmony, as fools report,
Would be quite drown'd in female noiſe:
Heaven is not ſhut, like the Pope's court,
To all but prieſts, eunuchs and boys.
Yes, there are ladies in thoſe bowers,
Ladies that once were made like ours;

But then they level all distinction,
Before they enter into blifs;
Each ſex muſt ſuffer an extinction,
They neither marry there nor piſs.
Our courts are the reverſe of Heaven's,
In everlaſting change delighting;
Always at fixes and at ſevens,
Intriguing, catterwauling, fighting:
Here we abound in nought but ſin,
Here peace and reſt were never known;
Here all the devils are kept in,
All that have any grace are flown.
Within a hive a wand'ring drone,
Of an uncommon ſize and mien,
Stole by, unnotic'd, near the throne,
And ſtruck the fancy of the queen:
When once a royal fancy's ſtruck,
The ſtriker never leaves it ſhort;
Not only ſtrikes, puſhing his luck,
But kicks the proudeſt of the court:
'Tis not a mighty pleaſant thing,
Nor much in favour of the many,
Who, tho' allowed to wear a ſting,
Are kick'd by creatures without any:

He

He kick'd them up and down by dozens,
But that which cut them to the quick;
He ſent for all his dirty cozens,
And gave them liberty to kick.
Gentle or ſimple 'twas the ſame,
Once they began, all was fair game.
A humble bee, once much in vogue,
Who in an inſtant could inflame;
Or, when enraged, the demagogue
Could make an apiary tame:
In an aſſembly held apart,
Diſplay'd the wonders of his art:
Firſt he deplored their preſent ſtate,
Then he amus'd them with a hum,
Then he grew noiſy and elate,
And rais'd their ſpirits like a drum:
Drummers and orators by noiſe,
By drumming and by elocution,
Often inſpire both men and boys
With eagerneſs and reſolution.
When their drum's brac'd, if they have ſkill,
They move their audience as they will.

Juſt

Juſt ſo by varying his notes,
And adding action to the tone,
He could have made them cut the throats
Both of the courtiers and the drone.
For humble bees to grandeur climb
By oratory humbuzzonic,
Like the great ſpeakers of our time,
By rhetorick ſtenenterophonic;
My deareſt countrymen, ſay'd he,
Far be it from me to deſpiſe
A drone for being not a bee,
I hate him for not being wiſe:
When there's no wiſdom in a guide,
When once the guide loſes his way,
Whether we walk or ſail or ride,
'Tis ten to one we go aſtray.
Horrid and deſperatious caſe,
Big with terrifiable woe,
If any bees within this place
Are willingly Bee-wilder'd ſo,
Such bees I heartily renounce,
However dignify'd and ſtyled;
Such bees muſt be, I do pronounce,
Bee-fooled, bee-ſotted, and bee-guiled.

What

What wickedneſs is left undone?
What folly has not been committed?
You are not only over-run,
By ſtupid drones you are out-witted:
Our colonies do they not bleed?
Are not our brothers ſcorn'd and ſlighted,
Except our brethren from the Tweed,
With us mellifluouſly united?
Is not the cauſe of this well known?
You all of you know what I mean,
You know the bagpipe of the drone
Faſcinates our gracious queen.
What fleſh alive can bear his ſcheamers,
And their abominable ſchemes?
Or, who can liſten to his dreamers,
And his interpreters of dreams?
One of his tools try'd to be funny,
Talk'd of his ſavings and his ſparings,
Attempted to ſeize all your honey,
And make you live on apple-parings,
A drone, perdition catch his ſoul,
Full of pretenſions and vain-glory;
So very like a certain mole,
I cannot help telling the ſtory:

With intellects by nature muddy,
A mole kept moiling under ground,
Lived, like Duns Scotus, in his ſtudy,
And got the name of the profound:
At laſt by labouring and boring
Amongſt the blind and the be-nighted;
And, by continually poring,
He was accounted ſecond-ſighted:
His mother, a diſcreet old dame,
Knew well the genius of the youth;
She was not ſuch a dupe to fame,
To take all her reports for truth;
She left her houſe, ſhe came, in ſhort,
To judge herſelf of the report:
Mother, ſaid he, by all that's bright,
I ſaw you tripping o'er the plain;
What a fine thing is ſecond-ſight,
'Tis the perfection of the brain:
I knew you, mother, well enough,
I heard your ſtep an hour ago,
And ſmelt the fragrance of your ruff,
As I was ſtudying below.

That

That you, ſays ſhe, were always blind,
Was not a point that wanted clearing;
But now, alas, I alſo find,
You've neither feeling, ſmell, nor hearing;
Therefore, to keep your reputation,
Lock yourſelf up, my learned ſon,
Avoid all kind of converſation;
If you converſe, you are undone.
Such is this Treaſurer of yours,
Who ſhould be ſent, might I adviſe,
To baniſhment, far from our flowers,
And live on excrements with flies:
There let him, without interruption,
As a reward for his invention,
Grow ſleek and wanton with Corruption;
Let him enjoy a ſtinking Penſion.
Juſt gods! your kind aſſiſtance lend,
Watch and protect the royal comb!
Confound his inſtrument, and ſend
The Piper to his native home:
Diſmiſs his mercenary Drones,
Expoſe them to contempt and laughter,
And finally break all their bones,
If they attempt to enter after.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking all was quiet,
But perorating in that faſhion,
They roſe up like a Poliſh Diet,
And drew their ſabres in a paſſion.
Had he been there in that confuſion,
They were ſo heated with this actor,
He had not 'ſcap'd for a contuſion,
Nor even for a ſimple fracture.

CANTO

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

The great humming bee delineated—A list of orators—An exceeding fine speech——Tories, why called——Conclusion——Moral.

THE ACCOUNT.

CANTO II.

THEIR ſtings they brandiſh'd for a while,
'Till growing cooler by degrees,
A humble bee, with an arch ſmile,
Anſwered the ſpeech of Pericles:
Pericles means, 'tis a Greek name,
A bee of an exalted fame.
'Twas not a common hackney tit,
No, nor Bambalio with his clangor,
Nor Taratantara, whoſe wit
Is quite as harmleſs as his anger;
Nor he whoſe balmy words run off,
No words run ſmoother or diſtincter,
So oily, they would cure a cough
As ſoon as Hill's balſamic tincture;
Nor the Bee ſwain, a Bee as rare,
All cloath'd in ſattin and in ſilk,
With ſpeech and face both ſoft and fair,
Like poultices of bread and milk;

Nor

Nor Boreas, like a rumbling car,
Nor Bumbo, who muſt ever ſpeak ill,
Whoſe eloquence reſembles tar,
Much more than honey or even treacle,
Tho' he is ſometimes called Moloſſes, *
Which ſignifies the ſcum of ſugar,
So ſayth the druggerman Coloſſus,
Who ſold his maſter Hugger-mugger;
This humble bee far from a ranter,
Could not endure a noiſe and clatter,
His fort was ſly ſocratic banter,
As to his name 'tis no great matter;
Say'd he, the honourable Humble
Is placed ſo high in our eſteem,
That if he chance to ſlip and tumble,
I ſhall believe it is a dream.
And yet I wiſh he would take the trouble,
To ſhew his conduct in each point;
Right when tis ſimple, better double,
Moſt natural when out of joint.

* See Judas Johnſon in the word MOLOSSES, and his ingenious conjecture about HUGGER-MUGGER.

I do

I do not mean I am not ſo blind,
So ignorant a ninny-hammer,
That Pericles ſhould be confin'd
To rules of conduct or of grammar;
I only wiſh that he would ſhew
His right, by purchaſe or donation,
To all the faith we can beſtow,
As well as all our admiration.
'Twould cut at once the Gordian knot,
And reconcile each contradiction,
Tergiverſation be forgot,
Duplicity and dereliction.
In the mean time, on all occaſions,
'Till he complies with theſe conditions,
I muſt conſider his orations
Only as human compoſitions.
'Till he has clear'd this point before him,
Tho' I admire I can't adore him.
Why are the bagpipes ſuch a ſin?
Or why in him alone a crime?
Pericles try'd them out and in,
But he could never play in time;
And try'd, when it was all loſt labour,
To rival him with pipe and tabour:

Nay, in the porches of her ear,
Like Hamlet's uncle with a phial,
When he could get the queen to hear,
Pour'd the base notes of his bass-viol.
He say'd, indeed, that all his playing
Was meant to disenchant the Queen;
But does he say what he is saying,
Like people that say what they mean?
So far from that, there's not a citling,
That makes excursions in the summer;
There's not a single shallow witling,
That does not take him for a hummer:
Therefore I earnestly beseech,
In the behalf of this poor nation,
That you will not regard his speech,
More than his life and conversation.
His arguments prove, more or less,
However furbulow'd or dress'd;
'Tis not so much for our distress,
As for himself, that he's distress'd.
His arguments are truly curious,
He hates him not for his ambition,
Nor as a drone, but he is furious,
Because he is the queen's musician:

He

He hates his tunes, he hates his ways,
And hates the pipe on which he plays:
But if a bagpipe be eſſential
To every drone both great and ſmall,
If Pericles be conſequential,
Then Pericles muſt hate them all.
For 'tis recorded in old ſtories,
How Drones and Tories got their name;
Pipes were call'd Drones, and Pipers Tories,
Now Drone and Tory mean the ſame.
His compliment to Drones I take it,
Is not impenetrably deep,
There are ſome Tory heads awake yet,
That he would rather lull to ſleep.
To dream of honey, milk, and wine,
For Tory dreams are always fine,
As children in their nurſes lap,
Or rock'd in cradles ſweetly lying,
Are happier dreaming of their pap,
Than when they're broad awake and crying.
Now take your balance, and compare
His ſpeeches with his life and dealings,
Or elſe you may, without ſuch care,
Take fine profeſſions for fine feelings:

In

In early youth he loſt his place,
He was a Trumpeter or Cornet,
For ſpitting in the fav'rite's face,
And calling him an ugly hornet.
An old coquete amongſt the waſps,
Whilſt Pericles was freſh and young,
Whoſe ſting and poiſon, like the aſps,
Lay chiefly in her head and tongue,
Long after he was ſent down ſtairs,
Seduc'd him with her harlot airs;
In the waſp cauſe he appear'd hearty,
Aſſum'd their language and their form,
Vow'd to renounce the whole Bee-party,
And take her majeſty by ſtorm:
But when his paſſion was abated,
He veer'd about without much pain;
When love or avarice were fated,
He turn'd a loyal bee again:
Ador'd the queen, humour'd the people,
In all their fancies and requeſts;
Made the bells ring in every ſteeple,
And drove their foes from all their neſts.

But

But ah! the inconſtancy of bees!
Roving and changing every hour!
Wafted about by every breeze,
Allur'd by every ſpecious flower;
For now, becauſe the Queen has pitched
Upon the Piper to amuſe her,
Pericles ſwears ſhe is bewitched,
And ſets his mob on to abuſe her:
This ſure is jealouſy and ſpleen,
Not like true love and genuine duty;
For if, like me, he lov'd the Queen,
He could not injure ſuch a beauty:
Yet, to do juſtice to his merits,
He always lov'd the Queen, I know;
It is the fever on his ſpirits,
Makes him forget what ſubjects owe.
As Pericles has ſhewn the way,
Let me too introduce my tale;
In a debate, before to-day,
I have known a fable turn the ſcale.
A Lion with a wand'ring gout,
Upon his couch, or bed lay roaring;
The courtiers all ſtood round about,
Every god and aid imploring.

Excruciated like a martyr,
The doctors brought a thouſand ſlops;
To pave the way for his departure,
They pour'd them down the Lion's chops.
Of all the courtiers that attended,
Waiting about him in a ring,
The Wolf officiouſly pretended,
To ſympathize moſt with the King:
Whilſt we are all in ſuch a fright,
Sir, ſaid the Wolf, it muſt appear,
Neither convenient nor right,
That your attorney is not here;
My friend, the Fox, is much to blame,
Now that your Majeſty's ſo ill,
To roam about killing your game,
When you may want to make your will.
At his return the Fox was told,
How handſomely his friend had ſerv'd him
His ſpite at me is very old,
Says maſter Fox, I have obſerv'd him;
Only becauſe I go a fowling,
Am rich and entertain my friends,
Whilſt he, for very hunger howling,
Is fit to eat his fingers ends.

Volpone, that inſtant ran to court,
Salutes the Wolf quite frank and hearty,
The Monarch cried, had you good ſport?
Sir Reynard, who was of your party?
Your Majeſty, ſays the attorney,
Is miſinform'd about my journey;
That I was hunting, is moſt true,
Making the ſtricteſt perquiſitions
Of the moſt eminent phyſicians
About a remedy for you.
When your gout's fix'd or quite remov'd,
Then, Sir, my care and pious zeal,
For you, and for the common-weal,
Will be acknowledg'd and approv'd.
In the mean-time, I muſt proceed
To tell my ſov'reign of his cure,
His royal heart, I know, will bleed;
I feel myſelf, what he'll endure:
A Wolf muſt preſently be got,
In ſuch a caſe it is no ſin,
Flay him alive, and piping hot
Wrap the King up in the Wolf's ſkin.

Thus

Thus Sir, if you will be directed,
Your pains will quickly be abated,
The morbid matter be ejected,
And health and vigour re-inſtated.
The Lion riſing from his bed,
Proceeding without any heat,
With one ſtroke only on the head,
Lay'd the Wolf breathleſs at his feet.
For ſimple vanity indited,
If the Mole's exile was decreed,
I think the Wolf that's ſo ſharp-ſighted,
Was with the greateſt juſtice flay'd,
For to vain-glory and weak pride,
He added perfidy beſide.
If any here was flay'd alive,
Drawn in by any tempting ſnare,
To make the Queen alert and thrive;
'Twas not the Drone's plot you may ſwear:
But to conclude, let me adviſe
Pericles to withdraw his motion,
He muſt at laſt open his eyes,
'Tis ſo undutiful a notion;

Therefore,

Therefore, I hope, that he will uſe
His Sovereign better for the future:
And that you'll vote the Queen ſhall chuſe
Whatever inſtrument may ſuit her.
As ſhe loves bagpipes out of meaſure,
As Pericles is her averſion,
Indulge her royal health and pleaſure,
It is an innocent diverſion:
Let her old piper play his lilts,
Let him go on in his vocation;
Suffer not Pericles on ſtilts,
To take away her conſolation.
They all concurred, as you will gueſs,
And as you muſt have pre-conceiv'd,
Drew up, and went with an addreſs,
And were moſt graciouſly receiv'd.
The whole was nothing but colluſion;
But what makes me, and ſhould make you ſick;
Pericles, chief of the confuſion,
Was made the chief of the Queen's muſick;
And thus theſe two renown'd debators,
Amus'd the people with ſham matches;
And, like two honeſt gladiators,
They made the fools pay for their ſcratches.

The Piper pipes, the Drones continue,
The Buzzers only gape and gaze,
Pericles, with a grand retinue,
Is humming somewhere about H S.

M O R A L.

'Tis Anti-Mandivally true,
True as the Gospel, or St. Paul,
The private vices of a few,
Will be the ruin of us all.

F I N I S.